COMPANION
TEENAGE SEX AND DEATH AT
CAMP
MIASMA

TEENAGE SEX AND DEATH AT CAMP MIASMA (2026, 112')

After years of slapdash sequels and waning fandom, the Camp Miasma slasher franchise is handed over to an enthusiastic young director for resurrection. But when she visits the original's star, a now-reclusive actress shrouded in mystery, the two women fall into a blood-soaked world of desire, fear, and delirium.

COMPANION

TEENAGE SEX AND DEATH AT CAMP MIASMA

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SEPI MASHIAHOF

KEY

1 Jane Schoenbrun, Director
2 Eva Victor, Actor
3 Hannah Einbinder, Actor
4 Gillian Anderson, Actor
5 Willy McGee, Co-producer + Actor
6 Eric K. Yue, Cinematographer
7 Brandon Tonner-Connolly, Production Designer
8 Caddy Vanasirikul, Producer
9 Avalon Fast, Second Unit Director
10 Eily Sprungman, Second Unit Cinematographer
11 Louise Weard, Actor
12 Kyle T. Moore, SPFX Coordinator
13 Ricky Marler, My Dog
(she's actually my wife, I just call her my dog)
14 Matt Hyland, Production Designer
15 Fenner Rockliffe, VFX Supervisor
16 Jess McLeod, Actor
17 Amanda Fix, Actor
18 Jecca Reta Hrechka, Script Supervisor
19 Jüs Percy, 2nd AD
20 Mia Moore, SPFX Assistant
21 Caitlyn Sponheimer, Cast Assistant
22 Jared Boyce, A CAM 1st Assistant
23 Emslie Attisha, Clearance Coordinator
24 Gareth Jones, Gaffer
25 Maja Aro, Stunt Coordinator
26 Slade Young, Props Master
27 Kendra Terpenning, Costume Designer
28 Jack Haven, Actor
29 Melissa Ader, Jane's Family
30 Effee Hawk, Jane's Family
31 Vera Haddad, Jane's Family
32 Mackenzie Roussos, Jane's Manager
33 Marissa Frobes, Jane's Agent
34 Alice Maio Mackay, Filmmaker / Jane's Shadow

New Year's Eve 2023: Jane,[1] Eva,[2] and I were at Holsten's Ice Cream Parlor when Jane first told me the idea for *Camp Miasma*. It was like "something something cumming and dying at the same time… something something shower curtain…." We had wrapped *I Saw The TV Glow* a few months before, and in the fugue following the most magical experience ever, a new portal was loading.

In winter 2025, I was experiencing ultimate depression. My parents had just moved back to Iran and I felt untethered from the world in a really disorienting way. While debating if I should get on psych meds, Jane called, telling me that this next portal was finally open. I got the script, and my heart tore open with every page. I wrote back immediately, things like "the mommy top-ness of it all… fucking the fourth wall… queer love feels so important and real." There was hope again; psych meds delayed.

The first day in Vancouver, en route to the production office, I was doing my makeup while talking to the Uber driver about movies. He clocked me mid-eyeliner with, "Isn't America kinda bad for trans people right now?" When I arrived, I found Jane with Hannah[3] and Gillian[4] mid-rehearsal. The chemistry was alive—"Kris" and "Billy" were too real—and I couldn't turn it off. I melted in that first hug with Jane; it was good to see them again :') Jane's boys Willy,[5] Eric,[6] and Brandon[7] were back, thank god <3. I finally met Caddy[8] after months of creating an idea of her in my head (which I was scared of). Little did I know she would come to be my literal mother, both in the gay-reverence for the high femme way and also in the keeping-me-alive way. From the jump, I was so blown away by her, in such deep awe of the passion, care, and creativity that fuels her insane work ethic.

The day before we left for the island, production set me up in the nicest hotel I've ever been in. Thankfully this was before Grindr became unusable, so I invited some guy over, which resulted in weird, bad, cardboard sex. Afterwards, I went on a walk and cried. This hotel was way too nice for this to happen, so I found another man

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and this time, with the resonance of what *Camp Miasma* means to me, I actually asked for what I wanted. *And we did it*. This was new, I've always been too embarrassed of my "deviations." The thing is, normative sex (genital fixation, lack of psychology) feels incredibly oppressive to me, but the world urges us, even in queerness, to minimize and fear the nuances of our desires. Anyway… flesh and fluids, two hours non-stop. The real thing. Jane and I eventually figured out that I adopt the personality of their movies, and this was merely the prologue.

I still feel so in love with everyone I got to work with, each person who made *Camp Miasma* the best time of my entire life. Especially Willy, Caddy, and Eric, who I lived with at the Solo Suites. Our long car rides to work began to fill the hole in my heart from when my parents moved away. I know it's usually corny to refer to coworkers as family, but I can't feign disaffection for how much they mean to me. While feeling the vulnerabilities of my identities super hard during that time, those three really kept me intact. Willy harboring various dimensions of humor and talent, always so present and aware of my needs; Eric's emotional curiosities and sweetness like hidden jewels within his elusive art boy veneer; the radiant, supernatural love so volcanically active in Caddy at all times.

Avalon[9] and Eily[10] were my first new friends on set. They were making a BTS documentary of the shoot and, of course, I couldn't help but try to turn myself into the star, until midway through, when I remembered the terror of public visibility and had to roll back my attention-seeking behavior. It was definitely bisexual psychosis from the way Avalon's angel cam ("the sapphic tool") captured me. Anyway, I barely knew it at the time but I was in the presence of my new favorite filmmaker, whose work has utterly floored me. Avalon is a visionary, and I feel so blessed that, despite how strange being in Canada felt at first, the place brought us together. Even more serendipitous was that it allowed me and Jane to have a cameo in shot-on-video queen Louise's[11] latest *Castration Movie* too.

On set, I realized quickly that, in spite of my other tasks, my true purpose was to administer Jane's Lactaids. The Jane Hive will be pleased to learn that Jane is part of the lactose-intolerant community, and I was the only force present to make sure they didn't diarrhea all over Kyle's[12] gorgeous snow after eating those amazing, cheese-filled craft services sandwiches. I believe those Lactaids are the source of Jane's superpowers: their ability to fight for artistic authenticity, their mastery of the zeitgeist, their emotional presence and gut-wrenching kindness, and the way they attract the right people into friendship/collaboration. No homo but it's very easy for me to fall into tears when I think about Jane. I often sit in the shower, winning some award in my head, and the thing I feel most excited to do in this fantasy is thank Jane for all they've done for me. Besides my doggie Ricky,[13] there's hardly anyone in the world that sees me the way Jane does, and in their love I feel such wholeness. Jane: to be able to work with you and the endless stream of beautiful people you bring into my life—always new reasons not to kms.

Speaking of people who make life beautiful, I was torn open again when Eva arrived on set. After letting my heart gush in their embrace, they were off to be made up as a bully-esque eighties spikey punk (my boyfriend lowkey). This character felt like Jane's gift to Eva, a full freak moment. Eva and I met on *TV Glow* to learn how to direct from Jane, and I think the main thing I've gleaned is that Jane's process is about creating a playground for artists. The construction of their vision is mutual gift-giving; finding ways that their collaborators can achieve joy while shining in their craft. Seriously, look at what Brandon and Matt[14] did with production design. Fenner,[15] Jess,[16] Amanda,[17] Jecca,[18] Jüs,[19] Mia,[20] Caitlyn,[21] Jared,[22] Emslie,[23] Gareth,[24] Maja,[25] Slade,[26] Kendra[27]... fuck, I could keep going. All cast and crew on that set, truly, flowers for every single one.

Jack[28] as Little Death was particularly moving to me. In our past four years of friendship, Jack has become etched into my soul. I also really identify with Little Death's history: getting socially reviled and abused in

youth, then resurrecting with monstrous vengeance to tear violent normalcy apart is all very relatable. Jack's presence/performance was transformative—I'd psychically lock in with them while we shot those scenes. Jack: Thank you for letting me/us be a part of this catharsis.

Jane had many guests visit —Melissa,[29] Effee,[30] Vera,[31] Mack,[32] Marissa[33]—all respectively such wonderful and soulful pieces of *Camp Miasma*. Alice[34] came to shadow, and I became so endeared to her, to the point where I'm like, I think I'm your mom??? We were watching the final story beat get shot when it hit me how much Alice reminded me of my actual trans younger sister, and I lost it. Once again, Jane's bimbo assistant of the faggoty she/they afterworld was weeping in the corner, moved by the beauty of aging as a trans person with so much love for the next generation making incredible art in rhythm with my pulse.

In our final week, Hannah came up to me at breakfast to check about my parents—Israel had just bombed Tehran. Suddenly, in the midst of healing wounds during the best experience of my life, my worst nightmare was beginning concurrently. I don't know exactly how to describe how horrific this all felt, but I can talk about how thankful I am for everyone who kept me from falling apart. In addition to being so brilliant and funny, both onscreen and ten-fold in person, Hannah's public advocacy for Palestinians and other victims of imperialist violence has kept a light on for me during this very ugly darkness.

On our last day, Jane and Jack collaborated on an improvised Little Death dance, set to "This Woman's Work." This felt like Jane's final gift to me. While

drowning in worry and anguish for my family, Jane cut reality open and gave me a brief moment of reprieve. As I watched Little Death, dance, love, and art entwined to summarize my experience at Camp Miasma with

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words I still don't have access to, but there's a feeling that will always remain. That feeling now, after watching the film, feels preserved forever in the look in Gillian's eyes.

I can't wait to show my parents what all this was.

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[20] Caitlyn,[21] Jared,[22] E
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